NEW BOOKS.

Continued from Seventh Page.

King Brian Connors himself told it one evening to the Rev Father Cassidy. From this account we learn that the fairies originally lived in Heaven, and in the great battle between the good angels and the bad they took neither side, but were merely lookers-on. When the fight was over and the bad angels had all been hurled to the bottomless pit, the fairies had to be attended to and this is how the Angel Gabriel disposed of them

"'Well, King Brian Connors,' says he, 'I hope you see that there's such a thing as being too wise and too cute and too ticklish of yourself. I can't send you to the stars, bekase they're full, and I won't send you to the bottomless pit as long as I can help it. I'll send yez all down to the world. We're going to put human beans on it purty soon, though they're going to turn out to be blaggards, and at last we'll have to burn the place up After that, if you're still there, you and yours must go to pardition for it's the only place left for you.

"'Howsumever, I'll let ye settle in any part of the world ye like, and I'll send there the kind of human beans ye'd most wish for. Now give your order,' he says to me, taking out his book and pencil, 'and I'll make for you the kind of people you'd like to live among.'

"'Well,' says I, 'I'd like the men honest and bravo, and the women good.'

"'Very well,' he says, writing it down, 'I've got that—go on.'

"'And I'd like them full of jollity and sport, fond of racing and singing and hunting and fighting and all such innocent diversions.'

"'You'll have no complaint about that,' says he.

"'And,' says I, 'I'd like them poor and parsecuted, bekase when a man gets rich there's no more love in him.'

"'Yes, I'll fix that. Thrue for you,' says the Angel Gabriel, writing

"'And I don't want them to be Christians,' says I, 'make them haythens or pagans, for Christians are too much worried about the Day of Judgment.'

"'Stop there! Say no more!' says the saint. 'If I make as fine a race of people as that I won't send them to hell to plaze you, Brian Connors.'

"'At laste,' says I, 'make them Jews.'

"'If I made them Jews,' he says, slowly screwing up one eye to think, 'how could you keep them poor? No, no!' he said, shutting up the book, 'go your ways; you have enough.'

"I clapped me hands, and all the Little People stood up and bent over the edge, their fingers pointed like swimmers going to dive. 'One, two, three,' I shouted, and with that we took the leap.

"We were two years and twenty-six days falling before we reached the world. On the morning of the next day we began our search for a place to live. We travelled from north to south and from ayst to west. Some grew tired and dhropped off in Spain, some in France, and others agin in different parts of the world But the most of us travelled ever and ever till we came to a lovely island that glimmered and laughed and sparkled in the middle of the say

"'We'll stop here,' I says; 'we needn't search farther, and we needn't go back to Italy or Swizzerland, for of all places on the earth this island is the nearest like heaven; and in it the County Clare and the County Tipperary are the purtiest spots of all.' So we hollowed out the great mountain Sleive-na-mor for our home, and there we are till this day

"The King stopped a while, and sat houldin' his chin in his hands. 'That's the thrue story,' he says, sighing pitiful. 'We took sides with nobody, we minded our own business, and we got trun out for it,' says he."

Good stories all are these. Full of the sly, unctuous humor of the race.

Captain Kettle.

"A bullet splashed noisily through the soft flesh of a dusty aloe in the wayside hedge, and Captain Kettle felt the wind of it as it *whop-whopped* past his cheek. It was the fourth attempt on his life that day, and he allowed himself to use the language of irritation." These are the opening sentences of Chapter 6 of a volume with the title "Captain Kettle, K. C. B." (the Federal Book Company), by Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne. Each chapter is a short story in itself, the book having evidently been put together primarily with a view to the requirements of serial publication. In the chapter from which we have quoted the opening we find the captain involved in trouble that would appal a man less brave. He is alone in a hostile country, with incriminating despatches in his pocket, and hidden enemies are taking pot-shots at him from the tall trees. But the captain is no ordinary man. His is a noble courage.

He sits down in a culvert and coolly lights a Spanish cigar. Then he soliloquizes. "I'm not here for fun," he says to himself, —and incidentally to the reader—"I'm here for hard cash—or the best equivalent that can be got for it out of depreciated pesetas —and it will be sheer selfishness for me to forget it." A little later he is in a farmhouse surrounded by soldiers and with no apparent hope of escape. But he upsets several hives of angry bees upon the heads of his enemies, and thus gains time. Then he smokes another cigar in an upper room, while down below the soldiers are busy battering in the front door with a large beam. A noble book this, written in a noble style, that recalls our old friend Deadwood Dick, or those soul-stirring romances of Col Gunter. Here and there we strike a passage that is a bit involved, as for example, "Then a gush of bayonets, with savage men behind them, swept into the house, and sent through all the rooms and stairways the din of their shouts and the reek from their smoking torches."

Irish Stories by Mr. George Moore.

In "The Untilled Field" (Lippincotts) Mr. George Moore has written a volume of short stories that seem to be better than any of his earlier work. Like much that he has written, these stories are mostly controversial in tone, and those who do not agree with him in matters of religion will undoubtedly dislike them. On the other hand, the reader who is content to take them on their literary merits will enjoy them. Life in rural Ireland as it is to-day is here described, and, whatever one may think of Mr. Moore's arraignment of the Irish Catholic Church, the power displayed in some of these stories is indisputable. And there is in them all a fine reserve, a studied simplicity, and an avoidance of the tricks of the average literary artificer that are admirable. As, for instance, in the story of the Bowery bartender who, after thirteen years, goes back on a visit to his native village. He falls in love with a peasant girl and they are to be married. But the longing comes upon him to get back to the excitement of his former life.

"The smell of the barroom hunted him down. Was it for the sake of the money that he might make there that he wished to go back? No, it was not the money. What then? His eyes fell on the bleak country, on the little fields divided by bleak walls; he remembered the pathetic ignorance of the people, and it was these things that he could not endure. It was the priest who came to forbid the dancing. Yes, it was the priest. As he stood looking at the line of the hills the barroom seemed by him. He heard the politicians, and the excitement of politics was in his blood again. He must go away from this place —he must get back to the barroom. Looking up, he saw the scanty orchards and he hated the spare road that led to the village, and he hated the little hill at the top of which the village began; and he hated more than all other places the house where he was to live with Margaret—if he married her."

And so he went back. He prospered and in after years he married another woman and had children. He grew old and retired from business.

"His children married, lonesomeness began to creep about him; in the evening, when he looked into the firelight, a vague, tender reverie floated up, and Margaret's soft eyes and name vivified the dusk. His wife and children passed out of mind, and it seemed to him that a memory was the only real thing he possessed, and the desire to see Margaret again grew intense. But she was an old woman, she had married, maybe she was dead. Well, he would like to be buried in the village where he was born.

"There is an unchanging, silent life within every man that none knows but himself, and his unchanging, silent life was his memory of Margaret. The barroom was forgotten and all that concerned it, and the things he saw most clearly were the green hillside, and the bog lake and the rushes about it, and the greater lake in the distance, and behind it the blue lines of wandering hills."

Story of a Poisoned Stiletto.

Surely the reader will find much to excite his interest in the story called "At the Time Appointed," by A. Maynard Barbour (J. B Lippincott Company, Philadelphia). Here at the end of the first chapter is John Darrell falling asleep, with a strange sense of impending evil, in a railroad train in the West. Is the feeling a mere unsignifying effect of the rarefied air of the Rocky Mountain altitudes, or does he really apprehend, even though vaguely, what is to befall in the second chapter? We ourselves find it impossible to answer, though we dare think that there are those who would not hesitate to say

In the second chapter, awaking suddenly from disturbing dreams, Darrell becomes aware of a masked man dealing summarily with the occupant of the berth opposite. The occupant in question is young Whitcomb, agent for the owners of a gold mine and the unhappy custodian, at this critical moment, of a large sum of money "No fooling! Hand that money over, lively!" says the masked man. Whereupon, "with a spring, as sudden and noiseless as a panther's, Whitcomb grappled with the man, knocking the revolver from his hand upon the bed."

'Twas a brave act but a rash one. "A quick, desperate, silent struggle followed. Whitcomb suddenly reached for the revolver; as he did so Darrell saw a flash of steel in the dim light, and the next instant his friend, sank limp, and motionless, upon the bed 'Fool!' he heard the man mutter, with an oath."

We fancy we hear a question from the outraged and unsophisticated reader: Why didn't he shoot the assassin in the back? He couldn't. At each end of the car a masked accomplice stood squinting at him over the burnished barrel of a revolver. But his eyes he could employ. In the struggle the assassin's mask was knocked askew and Darrell saw his face. "A scar of peculiar shape showed white against the olive skin, close to the curling black hair. But to Darrell the preeminently distinguishing characteristic of that face was the eyes. Of the most perfect steel-blue he had ever seen, they seemed, as they turned upon him in a single intense glance to glint and scintillate like the points of two rapiers in a brilliant sword play, while their look of concentrated fury and malignity, more demon-like than human, was stamped ineffaceably upon his brain."

We are not going to tell who the assassin was, or who the impostor called Walcott was, who sought to marry the heroine, and who tried to kill the heroine's father with a poisoned stiletto, or who José Martinez was, who was slain by his wife, who lso slew herself. "Not a step further, or you are a dead man!" said Kate Underwood to the false Walcott as he advanced upon her father with the poisoned dagger. She levelled a revolver at him with a tremorless hand as she spoke. "You she devil!" hissed Walcott to his wife as she explained to the company that the dagger was poisoned. "Be silent!" somebody said to him, "sternly," and "the wretch cowered into silence, but his eyes glowed with fairly demoniac fury."

As for José Martinez, they found him dead in his robber retreat. There was no glitter then in his steel-blue eyes, but the scar of peculiar shape was still plainly to be seen. They charged his wife with his murder and spoke to her of the law. She laughed mockingly "The law!" she cried. "Would your law avenge my father's death or the wrongs I have suffered? No! My father had no son to avenge him, I had no brother, but I have avenged him and myself. I have followed him all these years, waiting till the right time should come, waiting for this, dreaming of it night and day! I have had my revenge, and it was sweet! I did not kill him in his sleep, Señor; I wakened him just to let him know he was in my power, just to let him plead for mercy."

They told her that she must go with them, whereupon she clasped to her breast a crucifix that she held in her hand, fell to the ground and expired. "Within her clasped hands, underneath the crucifix, they found the little poisoned stiletto." But as we have said, we shall not declare the secrets of the story. They are for the reader to gather at first hand We believe that they will move him

Other Books.

For some years past there has been a revulsion of feeling regarding the "Loyalists" of the American Revolution, particularly in the East, that has manifested itself in fiction and in some historical writings. It is perhaps connected in a way with the cult of the Colonial times. Not content with showing that many of these people were honest in their convictions, if mistaken, the effort is made to justify their conduct, however unpatriotic. Among minute studies of persons who played a forgotten part in the struggle for independence we find "Joseph Galloway, the Loyalist Politician" by Dr. Ernest H. Baldwin of Yale University (reprinted from the *Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography*). Mr. Galloway was Speaker of the Pennsylvania Assembly and Delegate to the first Continental Congress. He was opposed to the Revolution, had a plan of his own for a union of the Colonies with Great Britain and when the critical moment came threw in his lot with the British. His biographer's contention that he was not a traitor seems plausible, but he assuredly preferred his king and the mother country to the land of his birth and of his bringing-up. Dr. Baldwin has gathered all he could find about him in a conscientious and rather arid monograph.

Dr. Austin Flint has preferred to arrange and publish himself his "Collected Essays and Articles on Physiology and Medicine" in two volumes (Appletons) rather than leave the task to his literary executors. As he explains in his preface, "They could not have appeared in their present form unless the collection, arrangement and revision had been made by myself." The range in time is very wide, the first paper having been printed in 1855 and the last included in the collection being dated 1902 They include all his published works with very few exceptions, and naturally without his magnum opus, "The Physiology of Man," or his two textbooks. For nearly fifty years Dr. Flint has been before the public eye. The esteem in which he is held in his profession is shown by the long list of professional offices he has held, which takes up thirty-four closely printed lines of the title page.

An admirable edition of the English classics in single volumes is being published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. under the general name of the "Cambridge Edition." The convenience of single volume editions every user of books knows. Countless blessings have been heaped on the publishers of the "Globe" editions, and it is gratifying to have an American edition of our own in clear, readable type, well edited and in every way desirable, provided for a very moderate price. The volume of the series before us, "The Complete Works of Alexander Pope," is edited by Mr. Henry W. Boynton. The Pope is really complete, for it contains the translation of the Iliad and the Odyssey for the first time, so far as we have observed, in a one volume edition, more than doubling the bulk of the volume. While 250 double column pages suffice for the rest of the poems, the "Homer" takes up 390. Mr. Boynton's short biography is painfully impartial and judicial; we could pardon a bit more enthusiasm, such as Mr. Austin Dobson might have, in an editor. His notes are rather scanty; but that is a sin in the right direction. The main thing the reader wants is his author's text well edited and in legible type, and that he certainly gets here.

Any amount of sensible and clear information is condensed into a few small pages in "Care of Invalids," a little manual issued by the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York. The helpful suggestions on many matters pertaining to the sick room make the pamphlet valuable, even if it is used as a means of advertising.

Washington, with its buildings and some of its people, is described in an impressionistic way by Mrs. Harriet Earhart Monroe in "Washington: Its Sights and Insights" (Funk & Wagnalls Co.) The accounts are too incomplete for a useful guidebook and the anecdotes are often pretty irrelevant and of no great interest. The make-up of the book is by no means what we have come to expect from the publishers.

From Herbert B. Turner & Co., Boston, we have received Robert Louis Stevenson's "Memories and Portraits," in a handy, well printed, and attractive little volume. In this edition, which is illustrated with a portrait of the author, an essay on "The Philosophy of Umbrellas" is substituted for "The Manse."

We had imagined that the splendid "Variorum and Definitive Edition of the Poetical and Prose Writings of Edward FitzGerald," prepared by Mr. William Patten, and published by Doubleday, Page & Co., was completed with the sixth volume announced in the prospectus. It is a gratifying surprise, therefore, to receive a seventh volume of gleanings that no lover of FitzGerald would care to miss. Among the prose pieces are the "Memoir of Bernard Barton," the "Introduction to Readings in Crabbe," and the article on "Percival Stockdale and Baldock Black Horse." The poems include "The Meadows in Spring," "To a Lady Singing," "On Anne Allen," "Bredfield Hall," "Chronomoros," and "The Two Generals," with other pieces. There is an index to the seven volumes and a careful bibliography to which is prefixed a picture of FitzGerald's bookplate, drawn by Thackeray. Again we repeat that this edition is a monument to Mr. Patten's taste and to the enterprise of the publishers in supplying an altogether worthy edition of FitzGerald.

Books Received.

"Dainty Devils." A Novel. (William H. Young & Co.)

"A Puritan Witch." Marion Dana. (The Smart Set Publishing Co.)

"Perkins the Fakeer." Edward S. Van Zile. (The Smart Set Publishing Co.)

"The Adventures of Harry Revel." A. T. Quiller-Couch. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"The Ward of King Canute." Ottilie A. Liliencranz. (A. C. McClurg & Co.)

"A Mummer's Wife." George Moore. (Brentano's.)

"That Printer of Udell's." Harold Bell Wright. (The Book Supply Company, Chicago.)

"The Reflections of a Lonely Man." A. C. M. (A. C. McClurg & Co.)

"Of Education." Richard Rogers Bowker. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

"Of Religion." Richard Rogers Bowker. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

"Annual Report of the State Geologist of New Jersey." H. B. Kümmel. (The John L. Murphy Publishing Company, Trenton.)

"Life's Common Way." Annie Eliot Trumbull. (A. S. Barnes & Co.)

"A Broader Elementary Education." J. P. Gordy, Ph. D., LL. D. (Hinds & Noble.)

"The Roman Road." Zack. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"The Modern Obstacle." Alice Duer Miller (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"The Legend of the Holy Grail and the Perceval of Crestien of Troyes." William Wells Newell. (Charles W. Sever, Cambridge.)

"Results of Observations with the Zenith Telescope of the Flower Astronomical Observatory, Sept., 1899, to Sept. 1901." Charles L. Doolittle. (Ginn & Co.)

"The Spoils of Empire." Francis Newton Thorpe. Little, Brown & Co.)

"Life in a New England Town: 1787, 1788. Diary of John Quincy Adams." (Little, Brown & Co.)

NAVAL SURGEON HELD UP.

Dr. Thompson of the Columbia Robbed by Two Men—Both Arrested.

Dr. J. C. Thompson, a surgeon on the United States cruiser Columbia, now at the Brooklyn navy yard, was complainant in the Yorkville police court yesterday against Maurice Beers, who lives at 107 East Tenth street, and Lawrence Gilman, alias Red Gillen, alias Danny the Tinsman, who said he lived at 615 East Fifteenth street.

Dr. Thompson explained to Magistrate Crane that he went into a billiard room on lower Third avenue on Monday night and played pool there until 2 o'clock in the morning, when he started for the navy yard. Two young men said they would go with him to the ferry, and while going through East Fifteenth street they pushed him into a hallway and tried to rob him.

One of them struck him on the head with a blackjack and knocked him unconscious. They took his gold watch and chain, valued at $450, and $600 in money and fled. When he recovered consciousness he complained to the police of the East Twenty-second street station, and Gilman and Beers were arrested on Thursday night. The latter had the surgeon's watch in his pocket.

The Magistrate held the prisoners in $1,500 bail each for trial

Coroner's Jury Says Openhym Was Insane.

A Coroner's jury yesterday decided that Adolphe Openhym "came to his death by drowning, caused by jumping from High Bridge during mental aberration."

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church,
Fifth Ave. & 55th St.
REV. J. ROSS STEVENSON, D. D., Pastor.

Services on May 3d at 11 A. M. and 4 P. M. Morning Topic: "Saved by Hope." Afternoon Topic: "God's Love for Individuals." The Home Sunday School and the Young Men's and Young Women's Bible Classes meet at 9:45 A.M. Wednesday Evening Services commences at 8:15.

CHURCH OF ZION AND ST. TIMOTHY, 334 West 57th Street.
Rector, Rev. Henry Lubeck, D. C. L.
Holy Communion ..... 8 A. M.
Morning Prayer and Holy Communion, 11 o'clock
Preacher, the Rector.
Children's Service ..... 3 P. M.
Brief Choral Service; Preacher, the Rector. 8 P. M.

ST. JAMES CHURCH, MADISON AV. & 71ST STREET, Rev. E. Walpole Warren, D. D., Rector.
Holy Communion, 9 A. M.
Litany, Holy Communion and Sermon (Rev. Dr. Starr), 11 A. M.
Evening Service and Sermon (Rev. Henry Rollings) 8 P. M.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH (Unitarian), 34th street corner of Park avenue. Services 11 A. M. Dr. Savage will preach twelfth and last sermon in series on "The Religion of Jesus." Subject: "The Future of the Religion of Jesus." Sunday school 10 o'clock in Chapel, entrance Park av. All cordially invited.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST, 127-143 West 48th St., between 6th and 7th Aves.—Christian Science service Sunday at 10:45 A. M. and 8 P. M. Wednesday evenings at 8 o'clock. Reading rooms open daily from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

COL. JOE EAKINS SURPRISED.

Testimony Incorrectly Represented Him as Speculating in Stocks.

The newspaper reports of the testimony of Talbot J. Taylor before Magistrate Barlow in the Amory hearing last Thursday made it appear that Mr. Taylor, in answer to DeLancey Nicoll, the Metropolitan Street Railway's attorney, declared that Col. Joseph J. Eakins of the *World* was a customer of his and had been for years. This was a mistake arising from the fact that Mr. Nicoll asked Mr. Taylor questions alternately about Philip J. Britt and Col. Eakins.

Mr. Taylor's testimony on this point, taken from the stenographer's minutes, is as follows:

Q. Do you know Mr. Eakins of the *World*?
A. Yes, I know him.
Q. How long have you known Mr. Eakins?
A. Probably the same time. (Four or five years.)
Q. Have you had any business with him?
A. Never.
Q. Have you had any business with Britt?
A. Yes, sir.

Col. Eakins was surprised to hear that he was a customer of the stock brokerage house of Talbot J. Taylor & Co. He says he never bought or sold a share of stock in his life.

Chance in the Navy for Civil Engineers.

The Navy Department at Washington desires to call attention to the attractive field offered to able young men in the corps of civil engineers of the United States Navy. Five appointments to this corps will soon be made, two in the grade of civil engineer and three in the grade of assistant civil engineer. The former appointees will enter the corps with the rank of junior Lieutenant and pay of $2,700 a year, increasing to $3,000 and $3,500 after five and ten years of service. The latter appointees receive the same rank, but start at $1,800 and after five years receive $2,100. The appointments are made from rank on examination.

Battleships Off Tompkinsville.

The battleships Kearsarge, Alabama and Iowa returned yesterday from their trip to the southern drill grounds. They anchored off Tompkinsville